

WOMAN.

She said: "What is there that I would not be for your dear sake? What change of mind or heart? Would I not make in any, every part, if I were but say, 'This be dears of thee'?"

And as the white moon rules the motion sea And draws its tides to answer her sweet will, So does your slightest wish arouse and thrill And make obedience an ecstasy."

Oh, foolish heart of woman! Even so They make of men a master, not a mate, And lesser loves; loving, soon or late A monarch worships of his woman. Lo, This only is great love when two can be Both proud and humble in equality.

—Theodore Tuckering cartoon in New Lippin colt.

A Remedy For the Evil.

How the President of the International Air Engine Company Saw Justice Done to His Workmen.

"I've found a way to prevent favoritism in my factory," said the president of the International Air Engine company. His friends who were dining with him at the club, both of them being manufacturers, looked interested.

"In the old days," he went on, "when every little shop manufactured its own goods, the proprietor had at most a couple of apprentices. He knew them well, of course, and watched them every day at their work. If one of them got a good idea, he was at once given credit for it. But under present conditions such a thing is not possible. There are 1,000 men in my factory. I don't know half of them by sight. It is impossible that I should. If one of these men gets a good idea or makes a valuable suggestion, how am I to know that he gets the proper credit or recognition? Trust to my foremen and managers, you say. But you can't always trust to foremen and managers any more than you can always trust men occupying other positions. But I've found a way to make sure that the right man gets the credit for all he does.

"This is the way it came about: In to every International air engine go 27 pieces which are exactly alike. They are stamped out of sheet metal by a punch press at the rate of 50 a minute. Ever since we started making engines these pieces have then been turned over to the men on the filing job, who filed three little notches in each piece with a hand file. When we started making our engines, these little notches were the close working parts of the machine and were therefore filed by hand with great care.

"One day a man on the file job got an idea. He knew that the pieces he was filing were no longer the close working parts of the machine. He wondered why the punch press fixtures were not changed so that the little notches should be cut out at the same time with the rest of the pieces. He didn't stop to think that perhaps if he made such a suggestion the nine men on the filing bench might be thrown out of work, at least in that department. At any rate, he spoke to his foreman about it.

"What's the use," he said, "of doing all this work by hand when it might as well all be done at the same time by the punch press?"

"The foreman knew perfectly well that he ought to have thought of that same thing months before, and he was not pleased with the suggestion. He gave the workman little encouragement.

"If you'd work harder and spend less time thinking about why we do things the way we do, you'd get along better," he said.

"At the same time he cherished the suggestion, and he went to work and figured out that if it was adopted the company would save at least \$5,000 a year. He even went so far as to have a few pieces stamped with the notches in them and tried them in an engine. Nobody knew the difference, and the machine worked as well as the rest.

"It happened that we had a new superintendent at the time. Naturally he was anxious to make a good showing. The smart foreman went to him with the suggestion he had stolen from the workman on the filing job. He had his figures and models all ready.

"Here's a little idea of mine," the foreman said as he laid his plan before the superintendent, "which I hope you'll appreciate. If you adopt it, and I don't see how you can fail to adopt it, it will save the company not less than \$5,000 a year. I'll trust to you to see that it doesn't knock me out of a job. We use 105 of these pieces every day. At present the three little notches on each piece are filed by hand. Nine men do nothing else. We can just as well have the notches cut by the punch press at the same time that it cuts out the piece. Do it that way, and you can lay off nine filers for good. It'll save the company \$5,000 a year anyway."

"It happened that the salary of the new superintendent was just \$5,000 a year. It struck him that it would be an extremely happy lot to save the amount of his yearly salary in a single stroke within less than two months of the time he went to work. At the same time he didn't like the foreman of the file job. That gentleman impressed him as being tricky, which shows that the superintendent was a good judge of human nature. Besides being a young and a new man he didn't like anything which might seem to indicate that anybody could run him anything about the business. So he gave the foreman little apparent attention. He took care, however, to figure up all the foreman's models and figures and dismissed him with the statement that he would look the matter over when he got time.

"He took time that evening to go over

the thing carefully. Next day he went out into the shop and called down the foreman of the filing job for allowing his room to get so dirty. He also carefully looked over the punch presses, and as he was a good mechanic he had no trouble in seeing that the suggestion was perfectly feasible. He had temporary fixture made for the punch press and turned out a number of the pieces all complete, which were successfully tried in engines which were sold and sent out in the regular way. A month later, when it was certain that the plan was perfectly feasible, he came to me. By that time, I suppose, the workman who originally made the suggestion had entirely forgotten it. Perhaps it had even slipped the memory of the foreman who tried to steal it in the first place.

"Of course I was pleased with the idea. I ordered the superintendent to adopt it at once and congratulated myself on the possession of a prize at the head of my factory. I went around and bragged about it to my friends. I told them that our new superintendent had saved his salary for a year in less than 90 days after he went to work. Naturally I was tickled to death. I didn't know about it at the time, but it appears that the first thing the new superintendent did was to fire the foreman of the filing job. That was before there was any idea prevalent that the men on the job were to go too. But in the discharge of that foreman the superintendent unknowingly laid the foundation of his own undoing and my enlightenment.

"A couple of weeks later, after the new fixtures for the punch press were completed, the nine filers, including the man who originally made the suggestion, were laid off. Then the trouble commenced.

"One night after dinner the former foreman of the filing job came to my house. I had a talk with him. He complained that the superintendent had stolen his suggestion and fired him in order to cover the theft. I didn't like the man's looks, so I took a long chance with him.

"But you know," I said, "that suggestion was not original with you either."

"Well," he answered before he thought, "he's fired Jack Burns too."

"So Burns, then," I answered, "is the man who really deserves credit? Where does he live?"

"I got Burns back again and got rid of both the foreman and the superintendent. Then I set to work to devise a plan by which I might be sure that every man in the factory who had a good idea might get proper credit for it. At last I struck it. In every department I put in plain sight a small box with a slit in the top of it. Above each box is a placard reading:

"Complaints and Suggestions.—If you have any complaint or suggestion to make, write it out on a piece of paper, sign it and drop it in the slot. The key to this box is carried only by the president, who will personally read its contents."

"So far the plan has worked well."—Chicago Tribune.

In the Washington Monument.

Few of the thousands of visitors to the Washington monument have the disposition to climb its 100 steps. It is much easier to ride on the elevator, which makes the ascent of the tall column in about eight minutes. But visitors who walk one way, either up or down, are well rewarded by a near view of the inscriptions on the memorial tablets.

One hundred and seventy-six of these tablets were contributed by various societies, lodges, cities, states, foreign countries and private individuals. The variety of their inscriptions attests the wide reach of the influence of Washington.

The Association of Journeymen Stonecutters of Philadelphia, under the emblems of their trade, inscribe on their tablet "United We Stand." Westmoreland county, Va., describes itself simply as "The Birthplace of Washington." Greece, the "Mother of Ancient Liberty," sends from the Parthenon "This Ancient Stone as a Testimony of Honor and Admiration."

The Turkish inscription, it is said, was written by the court poet and bears a date in a "year of the Hegira." One of the longest inscriptions appears on a stone presented by some Chinese Christians of Che Heng, China, in 1853. It declares George Washington to have been braver than Tsau-Tsau or Lin-Pi.

A likeness of Shakespeare stands out on a stone at the twenty-sixth landing, as the short level spaces between the flights of stairs are called, bearing these words above, "All that live must die," and below, "A tribute of respect from the ladies and gentlemen of the dramatic profession of America."—Youth's Companion.

Handwriting Cannot Be Changed.

The inexperienced ones are blissfully unaware that handwriting is really a physical characteristic of the human body, says The Home Magazine, which is innately peculiar to its owner. You may indeed, after its general form, like the man who writes anonymous notes, or cover it with make up like the man who forges a signature—the actor does both to his voice and face on the stage—but this, after all, is the most you can do. You cannot destroy or even temporarily get rid of the characteristics of your writing itself. It is as much a part of the expression of your being as your manner of talking or your gait is—a king and that it cannot be destroyed is the more certain because no one, no matter how much study he might give it, could ever find out all of the unconscious characteristics of his handwriting.

Opportunity.

"Somebody has invented a ring which will cure rheumatism." "Well, Edmund, if I had another diamond ring I think I would like my rheumatism feel better."—Chicago Record.

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HUMOR OF LUNATICS.

ASANE MAN'S EXPERIENCE IN AN INSANE ASYLUM.

By the Time He Got Through Being Fooled by the inmates He Was Ready to Distrust Even the Superintendent of the Institution.

"I never knew until I went out to California this time that insane people have a powerful sense of humor," said a Washingtonian who recently returned from a trip to the coast. "I confess that I've always found a morbid sort of interest in going through noted insane asylums, and so I armed myself with the proper credentials in San Francisco and went up to Napa county to have a look over the splendid asylum for the insane there. Inasmuch as I wanted to see a few things without the attention of a guide, I didn't present my letters, but just rambled around the beautiful, spacious grounds for awhile. I hadn't spent three minutes examining the extraordinary rose gardens in front of the main asylum building before a tall, slender young man, well dressed and exceedingly well groomed, emerged from a clump of oleander trees and approached me.

"Taking a look around, eh?" said he to me.

"Yes," I said. "I only arrived here a few minutes ago, and I'm taking the liberty of nosing about without any official guidance."

"Well," the tall young man said, pleasantly, "I don't suppose I fall out of the classification 'official guidance,' seeing that I am the assistant superintendent here, yet I should be pleased to show you about and at the same time try not to place any restraint upon you by my awe inspiring presence."

"Well, the young chap's manner was so pleasant and winning that I could only thank him for his kindness, and we started over the grounds. We hadn't gone far before a middle-aged man, also well dressed and well groomed, appeared some distance in front of us down the gravel walk, and he beckoned to my companion. The young man excused himself courteously and went up to the middle-aged man. The two conversed earnestly together for a few minutes, and then, linking arms, what do they do but coolly walk off, leaving me standing there in the middle of the gravel path, a good deal nonplused.

"Surprised over the way they deserted you?" said a voice right back of me. "You mustn't mind a little thing like that, though. Both of those men are as crazy as loons."

"I turned around, and there, standing behind a hedge about ten feet to my rear, was a little old gentleman, neatly dressed in black, and with a quizzical smile on his features."

"Surely," I said, "you cannot mean that that rational speaking, pleasant mannered young man who was conducting me about the grounds is bereft of his wits?"

"Mad as a March hare," repeated the old gentleman flatly. "Incurable case. Harmless, but incurable. The man that he went off with is also a very sad case—very. Think he is the Maharajah of Bladblind, or something like that. But you mustn't mind 'em. Lots of visitors are taken in the same way. If you care to, I'll just show you around. I am one of the board of visitors of this institution and just happen to be here in my unofficial capacity today."

"Much marveling over what the old gentleman told me, I fell in with him, and we rambled around the huge geranium arbors, and finally entered the enormous glass building where the cultivation of violets is carried on."

"Nice array of flowers, isn't it?" the old gentleman inquired of me, waving his hand at the beautiful beds of violets in bloom. "I am not inordinately vain, my friend, I hope you will understand, and yet I cannot but congratulate myself upon the introduction of this violet raising feature here, for I myself was responsible for it and only succeeded in having this hothouse constructed after enormous exertions with the authorities of the institution."

"I congratulated the old gentleman upon the result of his labors and was just about to ask him to take me into the main building and introduce me to the superintendent when he suddenly excused himself, saying that he had left his spectacles on a bench in the gardens and would be back directly. I waited for him for fully ten minutes, but as he did not return I started on out of the glass building."

"You didn't really expect him back?" I heard a voice say, and then a pleasant faced man, dressed as a laborer and carrying a watering pot, came from behind a group of palms. He spoke with a Scotch brogue.

"The old gentleman you were with is very bad up here," said the man with the watering pot, touching his forehead. "He's been here for 20 years, and he fancies he owns the place. I am the head gardener here, and he tries his best to run me. But he don't—no, sir, he don't. He can't. No crazy man can run me." And the Scotchman went down the length of the raised violet beds, watering the plants.

"I passed out of the glass building and started for the entrance to the main building, there to present my letters. As I was about to walk up the steps to the entrance a man with wide whiskers and rather a sharp, piercing eye walked up to me.

"You have business here?" he inquired of me in a rather sharp tone. Well, I thought he might be another of 'em, and so I kept right on. He followed me up the stairs and into the office, and I had to hand my letters to him. He was the superintendent. He smiled when I told him of my experience in the grounds.

"Which of them was really insane?" I asked him.

"All of them," he replied. "—Washington Star."

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